1ST. These be good humours, indeed! Shall packhorses,
And hollow pamper'd jades of Asia *,

ceives that he is calling for some wench. Pistol, not regarding her blunder, *continues to handle his sword, and in his next speech* reads the motto on it—si fortuna me iormenta sperato me contenta. It is to be observed that most of the ancient swords had inscriptions on them, and there is no doubt that if diligent search were made, the one before us, in a less corrupted state, would be found. DOUCE.

Mr. Douce adds, that he is possessed of an old French rapier, on which these lines are engraved: " Si Fortune me tourmente, l'esperance me contente." A representation of it is given in his Illustrations, vol. i. p. 453. BOSWELL.

* —hollow pamper'd jades of Asia, &c.] These lines are in part a quotation out of an old absurd fustian play, entitled Tamburlaine's Conquests, or The Scythian Shepherds, 1590, [by C. Marlow.] THEOBALD.

These lines are addressed by Tamburlaine to the captive princes who draw his chariot:

" Holla, you pamper'd jades of Asia!

" What! can you draw but twenty miles a day? "

The same passage is burlesqued by Beaumont and Fletcher, in The Coxcomb. Young however, has borrowed the idea for the use of his Busiris:

" Have we not seen him shake his silver reins
" O'er harness'd monarchs, to his chariot yok'd? "

I was surprised to find a simile, much and justly celebrated by the admirers of Spenser's Fairy Queen, inserted almost word for word in the second part of this tragedy. The earliest edition of those books of The Fairy Queen, in one of which it is to be found, was published in 1590, and Tamburlaine had been represented in or before the year 1538, as appears from the preface to Perimedes the Blacksmith, by Robert Greene. The first copy however that I have met with, is in 1590, and the next in 1593. In the year 1590 both parts of it were entered on the books of the Stationers' Company.

66 Like to an almond-tree ymounted high
** On top of green Selinis, all alone,
" With blossoms brave bedecked daintily
16 Whose tender locks do tremble every one

" At every little breath that under heaven is blown.'"

Spenser.

" Like to an almond-tree ymounted high
** Upon the lofty and celestial mount
** Of ever-green Selinis, quaintly deck'd